

ALAN ORD, bass

accompanied by

GRANT HURST, pianist

Wednesday, February 15, 1989
8:00 p.m.

Convocation Hall
Old Arts Building
University of Alberta

Program



Songs To Shakespeare

O Mistress Mine (1887)	Sir Hubert Parry
Willow, Willow, Willow (1885)	(1848-1918)
Blow, Blow, Blow Thou Winter Wind (1905)	Roger Quilter
	(1877-1953)

Let Us Garlands Bring	Gerald Finzi
I Come Away, Come Away Death (1938)	(1901-1956)
II Who is Silvia? (1929)	
III Fear No More the Heat of the Sun (1929)	
IV O Mistress Mine (1942)	
V It Was a Lover and his Lass (1940)	

INTERMISSION

Orpheus with his Lute (1927)	Sir Arthur Somervell
	(1862-1937)
Take, oh Take those Lips Away (1929)	Edmund Rubbra
	(1901-1986)
Pretty Ring Time ((1925)	Peter Warlock
(It was a Lover and his Lass)	(1894-1930)

Hark, Hark, The Lark (1946)	Roger Quilter
Under the Greenwood Tree (1912)	Ivor Gurney
	(1890-1937)
It Was a Lover and his Lass (1956)	Geoffrey Bush
	(b. 1920)

TEXTS

O Mistress Mine.

O Mistress mine, where are you roaming ?
O, stay and hear, your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low :
Trip no further pretty sweetening ;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love ? 'tis not hereafter ;
Present mirth hath present laughter ;
What's to come is still unsure :
In delay there lies no plenty,
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Willow, willow, willow

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree/
Sing all a green willow.

Her hand on her bosom her head on her knee.

Sing willow, willow, willow

The fresh stream ran by her, and murmur'd her moans.

Sing, willow, willow, willow.

Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the stones.

Sing willow, willow, willow.

Sing all the green willow must be my garland.

Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind

Blow, blow thou winter wind,

Thou art not so unkind

As man's ingratitude;

Thy tooth is not so keen,

Because thou are not seen

Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly:

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly;

Then heigh-ho! the holly! this life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,

That dost not bite so nigh

As benefits forgot:

Though thou the waters warp,

Thy sting is not so sharp

As friend remembered not.

Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly:

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly;

Then heigh-ho! the holly! this life is most jolly.

Come Away, Come Away, Death.

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid ;
Fly away, fly away, breath ;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it !
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown ;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall
be thrown :
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there !

Who is Silvia ?

Who is Silvia ? what is she,
That all our swains commend her ?
Holy, fair, and wise is she ;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair ?

For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness ;
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,

That Silvia is excelling ;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling :
To her let us garlands bring.

Fear No More the Heat o' the Sun.

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great ;

Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
Care no more to clothe and eat ;
To thee the reed is as the oak :
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;
Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Fear not slander, censure rash ;
Thou hast finished joy and moan :
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.
No exorciser harm thee !
Nor no witchcraft charm thee !
Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
Nothing ill come near thee !
Quiet consummation have ;
And renowned be thy grave !

O Mistress Mine.

O Mistress mine, where are you roaming ?
O, stay and hear, your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low :

Trip no further pretty sweeting ;

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Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love ? 'tis not hereafter ;
Present mirth hath present laughter ;

What's to come is still unsure :
In delay there lies no plenty,
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

It Was a Lover and His Lass.

It was a lover and his lass,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino
That o'er the green cornfield did pass
 In spring time, the only pretty ring time
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding:
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
 In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding :
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that life was but a flower
 In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding :
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime
 In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding :
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

Orpheus with His Lute

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing.

To his music plants and flow'rs
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Ev'ry thing that heard him play,
Ev'n the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.

In sweet music is such art:
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing die.

Take, O Take Those Lips Away
Take, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn!
But my kisses bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

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Hark! Hark! The Lark

Hark! hark! the lark at heav'ns gate sings
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flow'rs that lies:

And winking Marybuds
Begin to open their golden eyes
With everything that pretty bin
My lady sweet, arise

Under the Greenwood Tree

Under the greenwood tree,
and tune his merry note unto
the sweet bird's throat.
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see no enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
and loves to live in the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
and pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see no enemy
But winter and rough weather.

It Was a Lover and His Lass.

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